

The Bourbon News.

GEO. D. MITCHELL, Lessee and Editor

PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY

THE SAD CASE OF ELI MINCH.

Mr. Eli Minch, a rich bachelor, who died in New Jersey a few days ago, claimed that he had never attended a circus; never played cards, checkers, dominoes, baseball or-shinny; never skated with a girl; never went courting, and never was in love.

What did he live for, anyway?
Poor Eli Minch!
He never had the time to play.
He never loved a maiden fair;
He never rushed, on circus day,
Away from duty and from care,
Poor Eli Minch!
He never held a maiden's hand
While gliding over an icy plain.
Nor tumbled with a maiden, and
Got up with her to try again—
Alas! alas for Eli Minch!

He just made money day by day,
Poor Eli Minch!
And let no dear one come to lay
Her cheek against his own and try
To get him wooed up to pay
For gimcracks that she wished to buy—
Poor Eli Minch!
He never bent o'er the checker board
Or mourned when faulty moves were
made,
His only pleasure was to hoard—
And now beneath the sod he's laid,
And no one weeps for Eli Minch.

He never knew the sweet delight—
Poor Eli Minch—
Of sitting, with but little light,
Close, close to some enchanting girl
And courting her till late at night,
And going home, with head awhirl—
Poor Eli Minch—
To dream sweet dreams of all her charms;
He never saw one with wistful eyes
As he held out imploring arms—
Rush into them—with happy sighs—
Alas for luckless Eli Minch!

He never hurried home at night—
Poor Eli Minch—
To tisping little ones whose bright
Eyes danced with love, whose childish
glee
Was shouted as he came in sight—
And pounced upon them hungrily—
Poor Eli Minch!
His cheeks were never stroked by small,
Soft hands that stole out of his own;
He piled up wealth, and that was all,
And went his loveless way alone—
Ah, poor old Eli Minch!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Logging Camp Story

By ETHEL M. COLSON.

(Copyright by Authors Syndicate.)

LOGGING camps are by no means parlors, and the "shanty-man's" life is seldom a happy one. But the McAdams camp is easily the most popular in all the Muskoka region, and the shanty-men who carry their huge "turkeys" thither in the autumn usually travel with good courage. There is no unfairness or unjust discrimination under the McAdams authority. The food, if coarse, is good and plentiful, and the man who suffers unavoidable injury while at work is sure of his pay-check notwithstanding. Also there is much jollity in the evenings, and the man who can sing a good song or dance a clever hornpipe is king among his fellows, so thoroughly is the entertainment appreciated. For which reason Angus McAdams turns away applicants every autumn when other camp foremen go begging for helpers.

Archie Brewster, cheerily trudging the forty miles intervening between his home and the McAdams shanty last autumn, believed his lot a happy one. As a skilled sawyer he would receive a generous wage for his labor. His Christmas dinner was to be taken with Genevieve Dixon and her parents; and, in the spring, a quiet home wedding with no more camp winters, but a happy life on the home



"I'M GOIN' WITH YE."

farm to follow. Because of these mercies of providence Archie Brewster lived in Paradise for three weeks and over; the inevitable serpent, transforming the paradise to purgatory, wore the burly guise of wry-faced Jonathan Newling, the disappointed man to whom Genevieve Dixon had recently returned a chilling "No, thank you."

The men had been singing that evening, and Archie, who could troll out a hearty ballad acceptably, had sung of love and home and kindred topics. His fellows had good-naturedly twitted him upon his love-sick condition, and he had answered merrily in kind. Then Jonathan Newling, twisting his wry mouth in derision, had sarcastically inquired as to Archie's arrangements concerning his sweetheart's love-making during his absence.

"I guess Genie ain't ther kind of girl to go a pinin' for kisses," he observed, "with irritating slowness." "I was two days later in reachin' camp than you, Archie, an' I seen Sam Bailey drivin' Genie home from ther Bilton's dance party. Seemed ter me 'twas a mighty good thing Sam's horse is a stiddy driver."

To a sensitive man, and jealous, such hints as these, although scornfully discredited, were as gall and wormwood. Jonathan, seeing his advantage, dropped them continually. By the time the sawyers were working far enough from camp to have their dinners sent out to them daily, the two men, working always together as the two best sawyers in camp, were all but open enemies. The fact that Angus McAdams had several times returned from his weekly visit to Brackhaven, the nearest village, without a letter from Genie, added fuel to the flame which tormented Archie. When Jonathan quietly reminded him that Sam Bailey was staying at home for the winter the jealous lover had much ado to keep his hands off Jonathan. Then came the day when a careless and unskilled ax-man felled a tree in such wise that one long limb swept Jonathan from his feet and sent him spinning, and Archibald Brewster, rendered unconscious, lay pinned to the earth by another heavy bough.

They threw the stunned sawyer across the back of a horse and hurried to camp with him. Angus McAdams, wise with much wood-knowledge, declared that the "wind was only knocked outen him," and he would be all right in a day or two. But, the heart having already gone out of Archie, under Genie's persistent silence, the return of the missing "wind" seemed impotent to restore him. The three-days' storm which bore down upon them a week later found him still tossing in his bunk, sleeplessly in the night-time, shivering over the fire by day. The third day of the storm was still sufficiently severe to keep all the men in the shanty. Toward evening "Big Billie," the camp giant and humorist, organized the men into a company of impromptu actors, burlesquing the dance-parties so common in the home regions.

All the men not dancing were ordered to the bunks, for the sake of room. Jonathan Newling, for the sake of spite, occupied a portion of the bunk under Archie's, and enjoyed himself hugely, chattering easily of Genevieve Dixon and past good times—most of them wholly imaginary—enjoyed in her company. Archie, at last enraged, and half mad with irritation, leaped from the bunk and insisted on fighting. He was all the more angry when the other men interfered. "Big Billie" sprang to the rescue of peace in most characteristic fashion.

"Circle threes, in a gallop and waltz!" he shouted, naming a figure universally popular in Muskoka. And, seizing Archie with one hand and Jonathan with the other, he whirled them around with him. The noise of their "waltzing" and of the other men's amusement quite drowned the soft pounding of approaching hoof-beats. Jack Dixon, younger brother to Genevieve, was among them, pale, half-frozen and exhausted, before they had dreamed of a visitor.

"Come quick, if you want to see Gene alive, Archie," he gasped, immediately. "She's terribly ill—sort of fever—and ther doctor don't think she'll see tomorrow. It's awful outside, but I got over somehow. I think you can ride back."

Hands rough but kindly reached out on all sides to encase Archie in his outer garments. The boy Jack was supplied with whisky sufficient to kill him twice inside of two minutes. When Angus McAdams' best team came around for Archie and to replace Jack's exhausted Dobbin, Jonathan Newling came, too, riding the horse borrowed from a team-owning cousin. Straight over to Archie's shoulder he leaned, tensely, and rested a shaking hand on the other man's shoulder.

"I'm goin' with ye," he said, in hoarse excitement. "It'll be a wild night, an' ye're not over yer bruises yet. Ther lad's dead weary, an' I know ther trail better'n ye both. An', Archie," raising his voice to a hollow rumble, "that was a lie I told ye about Bilton's party, an' Gene goin' home with Sam Bailey. Both on 'em was sick that evenin', and neither on 'em was nigh ther party at all."

Archie made no answer; he was dumb and dazed from the shock of Jack's nervous summons. The boy himself seemed to hear nothing. But eager listeners nodded hearty approval of Jonathan's conduct, and "Big Billie" shouted: "Well done!"

Then off into the night and storm, rode the three men together, off upon the long journey which the good God rendered so miraculously safe and rapid. And never word was spoken between them until Jonathan, who had led the way and breasted the storm all through it, refused to enter the Dixon home.

"I'll come to the wedding breakfast, instead," he called back, grimly, as his tired horse plodded down the road. For Genevieve's father had met them at the gate with the news that the girl was better, and it was Jonathan's turn to feel sick at heart and dispirited as Archie hurried in to greet her.

But at the wedding breakfast Genevieve noticed that he paid great attention to the younger sister, Alice, whose eyes and smile so strongly resembled her own; and since Alice has been heard to remark, recently, that she doesn't think a crooked smile at all important, so long as the eyes above and the heart beneath it are tender and straightforward, it seems not at all unlikely that Jonathan, too, will watch eagerly for Angus McAdams' weekly mail-budget this winter.

—How to Distinguish Them.

"I always somehow get mixed on Madison and Monroe," she said. "I can remember about the other presidents very well, but those two are always confused in my mind."

"Just remember that Madison had his Dolly and Monroe his Doctrine," he answered, "and it'll be easy enough."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE HAIR BETTER DRESSED.

Changes in the Coiffure Wrought by Modern Art-Some Latest Arrangements.

If there is one thing in which modern art in dressing excels more than another it is in the arrangement of the hair. The days when the hair was drawn over ugly pads and tortured into unnatural sausage looking curls, have passed fortunately, and however much may be added to a woman's coiffure to make it a fashionable success, it is done in such an artistic, clever manner that the result has at least the appearance of being natural, says the New York Sun.

The greatest art, after all, is in concealing art, and it has been brought to a greater degree of perfection in hair dressing than in anything else which serves to supply the deficiencies of nature.

We still have the pompadour puff, but it is this puff with a difference which makes it softer in effect, and much more becoming than the old-time mode of arranging it.

It is a very important change that the latter years have effected in hair dressing, and one, too, which has much to do with a woman's general appearance. It stamps her up to date or the reverse, very promptly and the fashionable coiffure is absolutely essential to her good looks.

The back is quite as important as the front, since she is expected to look just as well going as coming, and her back hair is a sort of catch-all for fancy pins and combs distributed in various ways.

We have no one particular mode of hair dressing. It is only in general outline that it is necessary to conform to rule, and this is modified to suit the fancy and especial cast of countenance. The illustrations show some of the old-style modes of hair dressing which emphasize the great improvement that has been made in the art.

Foreign fashion budgets tell us that undulation will still continue, but it is the large, soft wave which looks as if it were natural, and that the question of whether the hair is to be done high or low is one which the Parisian women decide for themselves. You see a great many low coiffures, yet there are quite as many high ones.

In front the hair is arranged in full, large waves, and you may have a bunch of curls on the top of the head if the hair is dressed high, or at the nape of the neck if it is dressed low.

When the hair is worn en bandeaux, a style particularly becoming to the usual pert little Parisian face, the knot is usually at the nape of the neck, and there are a couple of flowers behind the ears. Sometimes instead of flowers there are new art decorations in gold and enamel, which take the form of round plaques.

Foliage and particularly oak leaves and ivy leaves, are much worn as hair decorations. For bridal coiffures, there is a rumor of change. Instead of orange blossoms, any white flowers may be used.

SOME PRETTY BEDROOMS.

Designs for Wall and Ceiling Decorations, Furniture and Other Details.

Here are some suggestions for bedrooms:

No. 1.—Pink striped paper, ivory-white paint, finished with a coat of enamel, cream-washed ceiling, curtains and covers of chintz in pink, white and green, plain green Axminster carpet or green and pink rugs, Sheraton mahogany furniture and twin beds to match, pink-rose toilet ware, sofa cushions of fine white monogrammed muslin, some over pink, others over green silk-faced satin, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

No. 2.—Walls divided into panels and hung with ivory-white satin-striped paper and a floral border, dado and all woodwork painted ivory, cream-washed ceiling, plain or small-patterned pile carpet of the deep pinky-red shade of the roses in the border, chintz curtains and covers, repeating as nearly as possible the design in the floral border, mahogany furniture, pinky-red toilet ware.

No. 3.—Soft green satin-striped paper, with green and white for border, white paint, white curtains with stenciled or applique bands to match wall paper border, carpet in shades of green and pink, white or mahogany furniture.

Pinks and greens are the predominant tints in the foregoing described rooms, as they are screens for winter or summer bedrooms. For country bedrooms all-white, pale green, pale yellow, light blue and white are suggested, while a gay little room fitted up recently for a young girl in a Westchester house is all white and scarlet, scarlet poppy paper, white paint, white fur rugs, white enamel furniture, and a white wicker couch, with gay poppy chintz cushions.

Coffee Fruit-Cake.

A coffee fruit-cake that is better for the children's eating than genuine fruit-cake is easily made. Cream together one cupful of brown sugar with one cupful of butter before adding the beaten yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and one cupful of molasses. Beat in, alternately, the whites of the eggs and four cupfuls of sifted flour, reserving a little of the flour to dredge a cupful each of seeded raisins and currants, which are added after the egg-whites and flour. At the last, dissolve a level teaspoonful of soda in a teaspoonful of boiling water, and stir into a cupful of clear, cold, and rather strong coffee, which is immediately added to the cake. Line a pan with buttered paper and bake the loaf in a slow oven for fully an hour, or until a broom-whisk inserted comes out clean.—N. Y. Post.

It is not quite clear that we shall leave to our successors of the twentieth century as generous a bequest of motive and imaginative insight for song as that received by our forefathers from the prosaic eighteenth century.

Our Poetical Legacy

BY PROF. EDWARD DOWDEN, M.A., LL.D.

Dean of St. Patrick's College, Dublin.

visible and tangible—these were an unshaped poetry bequeathed to chosen inheritors of the generation which was young a hundred years ago. WHAT THEY RECEIVED AS A MIST WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A STREAM, AND THE STREAM BROADENED TO A SWIFT AND ABOUNDING RIVER.

The term "Romantic Revival" is somewhat misleading, or at best indicates only a part of the fact. There had been in the eighteenth century a naturalistic movement, of which Fielding in prose, at an earlier date, and Crabbe in verse, at a later date, may stand as representatives. Wordsworth was also a naturalist; he studied the appearance of the external world and the lives of his fellows in the spirit of veracious research; but the naturalist was at the same time an idealist; he recognized what is spiritual as a part, and the most vital part, of the fact. For him the invisible flowed in through the visible; hence, austere as he may sometimes seem, he is the least ascetic of poets; and he it was who interpreted most profoundly the revolutionary principle of equality, for the gross, external distinctions of high and low, of great and small, disappear when what is humble or what is diminutive becomes an inlet for spiritual light. What he attained, not without effort, he held in calm and indefeasible possession. His poetry is in the truest sense a prophesying; but the prophet does not rend his garments; his mood is one of serenity, enclosing a heart of joy, which has all the quickening power of passion without its trouble or its vicissitude.

The romantic revival might have lost itself in extravagance, or languished in the debility of a hectic disease, had it not entered into alliance with the historical spirit, and gained vigor and sanity from that alliance. In "Childe Harold" the awakened interest in the life of the past is an inspiring influence; in "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," a chapter of Spanish history is lifted from prose to narrative verse of grave dignity; but it was Scott, above all others, who effected the union of the romantic and the historical imagination. His resuscitation of the past was wholly free from doctrinaire theory, from the pallid mist of sentiment, from curiosities to aesthetics, from pseudo-medieval religiosity; HIS SYMPATHY WAS WITH ACTION, AND THE PASSIONS WHICH ENGENDER ACTION; he lived strenuously in the present, and therefore the past for him was a reality and not a dream.

The eighteenth century had not only turned with reverted gaze in its great historical school, of which Gibbon was the master, and in its Ossianic, Scandinavian and ballad revivals to the forgotten ages and primitive civilizations; it leaned forward also and gazed with wild-eyed hopes into the future. But the bright dawn of the French Revolution had been followed by the Terror, and at last liberty and equality were realized in the form of a military despotism, and fraternity in that of the deadly strife of nations.

The boundless desires, the vast aspirations excited by the Revolutionary movement lived in the spirit of Byron; but he saw around him a world of ruins, ruined faiths, ruined hopes, and, in England, the gathering forces of reaction. Byron sang generously of freedom; but for him freedom meant little more than the casting away of restraint by nations and by the individual; he thought hardly at all of the freedom in obedience to a higher law. A vast energy, a commanding egoism were deployed amid fallen ideals and discredited creeds; and the end was a cynicism redeemed from baseness by the bitterness of its gayety, a cynicism for which the time was partly responsible, and partly the man. When Byron died the sense that a great power was lost to the world came upon his contemporaries all the more impressively because the power was centered in a single mind, a single will, and did not live on as an inspiring influence of impersonal wisdom and of love.

BALL LIGHTNING AT SEA.

Sensations and Effects Experienced by a Man Who Was Struck on Board Ship.

Robert Seyboth, of the United States weather bureau, tells of an experience with ball lightning while at sea in Hudson bay in 1867. The phenomenon was witnessed during a storm, reports the Scientific American.

"Happening to secure the upper hold on the foretopail brace, the writer, facing sternward, again noticed the evil-looking thunderhead, apparently but a few yards above the mizen truck, and, while waiting in silent expectancy for the thing to come, saw a ball of fire the size of a man's head detach itself from the cloud and sail quite leisurely to the mizen truck, striking which it exploded with a deafening crash and sent a shower of hissing sparks over rigging and deck.

"Of the immediate consequences, save one, the writer can only speak from hearsay. When he regained consciousness he found himself sitting, propped up against the weather side of the mainmast, paralyzed in the right half of his body, and his shipmates busily engaged, some in clearing away the wreckage of the shattered mainmast, others in sounding the pump to discover whether or not the bolt had knocked a hole in the vessel's bottom. The latter calamity was probably averted by the fact that the lightning had found an easier escape to the water by way of the anchor chains, through the hawsepipes, as both anchors had been made ready to let drop in case of the vessel's inability to weather the rocks. The one exception above noted, and which he has accepted as a proof that the velocity of thought is greater than that of lightning, was his distinct realization, at the critical moment, that he had been struck by lightning and was being hurled to the deck, though consciousness failed him before he struck it. He also had time to formulate the thought: 'Well, it is all over with you this time,' and feel rather gratified at the supposed fact. There was absolutely no pain

felt, not even an unpleasant sensation; on the contrary, he seemed to sink into an agreeably restful position, though, according to his shipmates' statements, he was hurled with great violence into the lee scuppers. Of the other men on deck, especially those having hold of the brace, every one was more or less shocked, but none were rendered insensible. The writer's uppermost hold on the rope had evidently deflected the greater part of the charge through his body. The paralysis of his right side was gradually succeeded by a prickling sensation, and the movement of his limbs had again become possible by the time the watch was told to go below."

Biggest Bag at One Shot.

The biggest authenticated bag secured at one shot, of which I ever heard, consisted of one rabbit, the cause of the shot, one beater, one on-looker (a French cook), a boy and a dog. I once shot nine snipe at a shot—but this was in South America. They were on the ground, and they were shot for the pot. I have read of a sportsman (not Baron Munchausen) who shot a bumblebee and a butterfly, right and left; and, indeed, sometimes a large bumblebee does, for an instantaneous second, look uncommonly like a distant advancing grouse—just as, when on the alert for partridges, the fieldfares, breasting the hedge, often cause a nervous twitch of the gun. Curious circumstances sometimes occur out shooting. A friend walking in line down a turnip field saw a startled hare running fast and straight toward him up a furrow. He stood still, waiting for her to turn, but the hare, with its peculiar vision, did not see him, and ran her head plump against his shin, killing herself and very seriously bruising his leg. London Fortnightly Review.

A Swallow's Swift Flight.

In recent experiments at Antwerp a swallow, which had its nest in the gable of the railway station in that city, was sent to Compiegne, France, a distance of 140½ miles, and liberated. The flight home was accomplished by the swallow in one hour and eight minutes a speed of 128½ miles per hour.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

BLUE GRASS NURSERIES.

FALL, 1901.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Asparagus, and everything for Orchard, Lawn and Garden. We sell direct, at right prices, to the planter and have no agents. General catalogue on application to

H. F. HILLENMEYER,

Both Telephones. Lexington, Ky.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take. It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. O. DeWitt & Co., Chicago

The 5¢ bottle contains 3½ times the 50¢ size

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggists for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PILLS in Blue and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no others. Beware of dangerous substitutions and imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and a "Bottle for Ladies." Write to return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists.

CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO.

2100 Madison Square, PHILA., PA.

Mention this paper.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

A New and Complete Treatment, consisting of SUPPOSITORIES, Capsules of Ointment and two Boxes of Ointment. A never failing Cure for Piles of every nature and degree. It makes no incision with the knife or injections of caustic acid, which are painful and seldom a permanent cure, and often resulting in death, unsightly scars, and often this terrible disease? We Pack a Written Guarantee in each 21 Box. For only pay for benefits received. 50c. and \$1 a box, 5 for \$5. Sent by mail.

JAPANESE PILE OINTMENT, 25c. a Box. CONSTIPATION Cured, Piles Prevented, the great LIVER and STOMACH REGULATOR and BLOOD PURIFIER. Small, mild and pleasant to take, especially adapted for children's use. 50c. a box. 25c. a box. NOTICE.—The Genuine Japanese Pile Cure for sale only by

W. T. Brooks.

This Will Interest Many.

To quickly introduce B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), the famous Southern blood cure, into new homes, we will send, absolutely free, 10,000 trial treatments. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) quickly cures old ulcers, carbuncles, pimples of offensive eruptions, pains in bones or joints, rheumatism, scrofula, exezema, itching skin and blood humors, cancer, eating, festering sores, boils, catarrh, or any blood or skin trouble. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) heals every sore or pimple, makes the blood pure and rich and stops all aches and pains. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) thoroughly tested for thirty years in hospital and private practice, and has cured thousands of cases given up as hopeless. Sold at drug stores, \$1 per large bottle. For free treatment write to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Medicine sent at once, prepaid. Describe trouble and free medical advice given. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gives life vigor and strength to the blood, the finest Blood Purifier made. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gives a healthy Blood supply to the skin and entire system.

Notice.

To Policy Holders in Old Line Companies: Beware of the confidence game played by the pious Insurance Agent who wants to do you the favor of switching you from your company to his. All companies write numerous plans of insurance and every plan costs a different price. You get value received for any plan you buy, from any Old Line Company. When the confidence man shows you a plan differing from the one you have, which is part of the game, and should you prefer this particular plan write to the Agent or Company who insured you and get it, and thereby save what you paid. Don't be an easy mark. There are millions of dollars lost each year by policyholders being duped by confidence men.

H. C. WILSON.

To Cure A Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grow's signature on each box. 25c. (j25-1yr)

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best old, reliable prompt paying companies—non-union. W. O. HINTON, Agt.

For acceptable ideas. State if patented. THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md. Subscription price of the PATENT RECORD \$1.00 per annum. Samples free.

BINDER TWINE FARMERS wanted as agents. AUGUST POST, Moulton, Iowa.